

APPENDIX.

On this bowed head the awful Past
 Once laid its consecrating hands ;
 The Future in its purpose vast 15
 Paused, waiting my supreme commands.

But look ! whose shadows block the door ?
 Who are those two that stand aloof ?
 See ! on my hands this freshening gore
 Writes o'er again its crimson proof ! 20
 My looked-for death-bed guests are met ;
 There my dead Youth doth wring its hands,
 And there, with eyes that goad me yet,
 The ghost of my Ideal stands !

God bends from out the deep and says,— 25
 " I gave thee the great gift of life ;
 Wast thou not called in many ways ?
 Are not my earth and heaven at strife ?
 I gave thee of my seed to sow,
 Bringest thou me my hundred-fold ?" 30
 Can I look up with face aglow,
 And answer, " Father here is gold ?"

I have been innocent ; God knows
 When first this wasted life began,
 Not grape with grape more kindly grows 35
 Than I with every brother-man :
 Now here I gasp ; what lose my kind,
 When this fast ebbing breath shall part ?
 What bands of love and service bind
 This being to the world's sad heart ? 40

Christ still was wandering o'er the earth
 Without a place to lay His head ;
 He found free welcome at my hearth,
 He shared my cup and broke my bread :
 Now, when I hear those steps sublime 45
 That bring the other world to this,
 My snake-turned nature, sunk in slime,
 Starts sideway with defiant hiss.